

# COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VI. St. Joseph's College, December 10, 1913. No. 6.

## Lloyd And Alvin.

Not even the weatherman knows why it always snows when Christmas comes: but it does, at least in stories. And it snowed this afternoon before Christmas. Also the bright stars usually shine, but when night fell upon the busy city this December day there was neither moon nor stars in the heavens, just darkness and pale electric lights.

The shop windows were bright with many gay things for young and old: the big stores looked so warm and cozy, at least so they seemed to two little lads who were pressing their chilled noses against the heavy plate glass. Lloyd was eleven, and his brother Alvin a little better than six. Though they looked longingly at the dainty things within, it made no hard coins jingle in their little pockets; not even for poor baby sister could they buy a few sweets.

Alvin turned his back to the window, and significantly began to scratch his tousled head.

"Lloyd", he said after some consideration, "we can get sister somethin' for Christmas. Th 'old Cheenie over there takes rags and we got some at home yet from last pickin' day."

"But them ain't worth while", objected the elder.

"Yes. they is."

"Don't see how, kid."

"Le'me tell you. I'll get into that big coffee bag we got, and you put rags on top o'me, and you go carry me down to old Rubenstein what buys rags, and he will weigh the bag wit' me in it. You take the cash and hikes back here. Then I'll holler like everything, and the old Cheenie will have to let me out, and I runs back here too and we will get something for poor sis."

In less than an hour a boy with a bag of rags called at Mr. Rubenstein's junk shop. The Jew thought the rags rather heavy, but they looked like rags so he took them at current rates.

It was nineteen cents worth, which in great charity Rubenstein made twenty. And it did not take Lloyd long to get back to that tate St. store window.

The other had hardly left when Alvin made known his presence. Mr. Ruben-

stein was duly astonished, but swallowed his anger in complimentary verdicts about Christians and a sad sigh at the loss of so many precious Lincolns. The liberated "rag" hustled to State St. and three little souls, who in the morning had looked forward to a dreary Christmas, had some little of the enjoyment that pervades the world.

REV. MAX WALZ, C. PP. S. under whose guiding hand St. Joseph's entered the journalistic field many years ago, has added his name to the "Cheer" subscription list.

## Christmas.

Hark to the joy of those Christmas bells,

Ringin' so clear o'er the earth robed in white:

"Peace be to men", their love message tells,

Message of angels on Bethlehem's height.

Earth is today one heaven of gladness,  
Every heart glows with the love that the Babe

Brought down from heaven to lift up the sadness,

Sadness which the sin of Adam had made.

This is the day of home and our loved ones,

Joining in carols of joy and of praise.

Innocent faith in old Santa's goodness  
Thrills youthful hearts, and brings mem'ries to age.

List to the greetings of passing bright faces,

"Merry your Christmas be, joy to your heart;"

None are too mean to want our good graces,

Smiles and good cheer to all we impart.

Let's not forget mid our joys an affections,

Humble and poor souls, alone and distressed,

Bethlehem's star and angelic legions,  
First smmoned shepherds by Lord to be blessed.



## Conglomerated Optics.

MERCER COUNTY, OHIO.

There's one holy spot in this world. Mercer County, Ohio, is the holy county of America. It is the home of saints, scholars and school teachers. The Toledo diocese has its smart men, Cleveland may boast of its sidewalks and baseball team, Cincinnati has its electric lights and incline street cars, but Mercer County outshines them all in Catholic Churches. In fact, there's a spot in Mercer County where you can see the steeples of six churches without batting an eye from your tracks.

Scientists have begun to advance the theory that Paradise was situated in Mercer County, that Eve stole the apple out of Hemmelgarn's orchard near Ft. Recovery and that a break in the Celina reservoir dam caused the deluge.

The Wabash river gets its start in Mercer County, but Mercer County was too slow for the Wabash rail road which skimmed by its northern edge: however, one day the good county made a final burst of speed and caught the Lake Erie and Western and defeated it by a center rush plunge. When I started on my visit through Mercer County, I expected to find all the people Germans; but as I approached Carthage, I quickly changed my mind. I never even dreamt of finding such a bunch of niggers ensconced in that medieval Hanoverian stronghold. But the way those niggers mingle with those Teutonic farmers in that clayey territory, gave me new visions of life; why those dark sons of Africa, paled by the influences of civilized slavery, talk the noble 'plat deutsch' as fluently as they to whom it is mother-lingo.

These transplanted Rhinelanders, however, are not hoggish, so they gave the Lutherans of the same national persuasion a chance to build a few churches in the northern part of that democratic section of Ohio. So with German Catholics, Lutherans and niggers to contend with you can imagine a presidential election in Mercer County. Fortune favored me with the sad luck one day of attending a Mercer County democratic convention. The clerk in calling the roll of the towns began the solemn chanting of the Litany of the Saints.

Say what you may about Mercer County, but when it comes to a show down, she will be there with her share of the grapes. I only wish that my chances before the grim visage of St. Peter were as bright as are those of Mercer County.

Many a member of St. Joseph's faculty has a warm and sympathetic spot in his heart for Mercer County. That good county starts them on their way to glory, then sends them to St. Joseph to have the rough edges polished then recalls them to have the gold tinge placed on their foreheads. Ask a student at St. Joseph's where he hails from, and if he is a Normal he generally comes from Mercer County. Every time Mercer County sends a normal student to St. Joseph's she does a work of mercy and becomes a benefactor to humanity. "Mulchahy".

## The Black Sheep's Dream.

I was dreaming last night  
Of my home far away,  
My soul found new light  
In a bliss fond and gay.

Father was there, old and bent.  
His arms feeble and stretched,  
His cheeks all wrinkled and wet,  
His mercy to me far-fetched.

I saw mother with a love divine;  
Of me she was thinking:  
"Yours is mine, and I am thine,"  
Thus of sorrow was drinking.

Another tender soul was racked;  
Now I know a sister's devotion  
When life by sin is hacked  
And the soul is dull in emotion.

My brother a friend in sorrow and woe  
Consoled four aching hearts.  
He knew drink was my friend and foe  
When the love of a home departs.

Now I know the charms of a home  
When life's bitter in sorrow and grief,  
No more the wild world will I roam  
But I'll go to my home of relief.

## FAMOUS QUOTATIONS.

There is as much love between the pessimistic student and college life as there is affection between a preacher's son and a bar tender's daughter.

Joseph Pirola.

Greek and Geometry are the pepper and salt which season the food for mental appetite. George Cavanaugh.

In the song of the whip-poor-will there is a tune of sorrow and woe, but one of our infirmarian pills cures pain of eye, nose and toe.

Russell Whitcomb.

DeJaco—I have been seriously thinking of becoming a Spiritualist.

Rodgers—What are your motives?

DeJaco—Well, in case of being involved in a Greek exam, I could call up old Socrates and talk over matters with him.

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## EDITORIALS.

WE MUST be true to our name, and to all the readers of the "Cheer" we wish the greatest amount of CHEER at this holy season.

WE HAVE been forced to decline several worthy articles because they were too long. As a rule we cannot find space for contributions of more than four hundred words.

THE STUDENT who delights in putting "—days-till-Christmas" signs on the blackboard, and also meditates upon the fact during the class period, may be forgetting that every flitting minute is likewise drawing him nearer to the semi-annuals.

WE SOMETIMES forget that certain little functions which we perform at college will again face us in real life on a larger scale. Voting upon candidates for various offices in our societies, or for athletic leadership, though there is often little at stake, affords us opportunities for cultivating the habit of judging for ourselves and casting our laurels in favor of efficiency. Good as well as bad habits have their beginnings in small things. It is largely up to the college man to make the fellow retract who said that, if every man would vote as he thinks, there would be comparatively few ballots to be counted after election day.

## LOCALS.

Lightning had struck the roof of the village church. The pastor wringing his hands waited nervously for some parishioner to come to his aid in patching up the hole before the storm would break. Suddenly he spied Schulte coming around the corner. "Are you a carpenter?" Schulte's answer was sadly in the negative. "What shall we do?" Well, if you don't mind, Father, I can sit over the hole until the storm is over," coolly retorted Alphonse.

Trainer—You never saw a prize fighter with blackheads.

Kihm—How about Jack Johnson?

Meyers—What are vultures?

Squire—In South America they are birds of prey, but in our climate they are creatures who stand outside the candy-store collecting toll.

## Personal Ideas of Poetry.

Paul Fogarty.

Such a human machine  
Never before was seen  
As turned up to play  
One November day.

Burger we see  
Stepped from a history  
Ready to fight  
With his breeches tight.

And Cocky Maurer  
Looking sourer,  
Shoes twice his size,  
Fire in his eyes.

Maloney Gerald  
Next we herald  
The full back great  
With pate of slate.

Fettig the star  
On field and bar  
Shows his skill  
By taking a spill.

Now Bruin, cow,  
How he does plow,  
Mighty blows dealt  
By wideness of belt.

Then Daniel next  
Like namesake of text  
Is fearless and small  
But can't play foot ball.

The same old story  
Of men who are long  
We sing of Mac  
As we hear his bones crack.

Roof, the center,  
Is a fine little lad,  
He might be a player  
If he weren't so bad.

Pessefall, too,  
Almost goes through  
But his feet are too big,  
He runs like a pig.

Farrell at guard  
Loses many a yard;  
To see the man run  
Is surely great fun.

And to write those rimes  
Was harder lines  
Than play foot ball  
When a feller can't bawl.



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